

**Wolfgang Press****"Going South"**

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Peace and love, a phoney kind of blubber

My instincts tell me to crash

You've got salt emissions and you know how to use  
them

I somehow think this won't last

So I'm moving south

To the great unknown

Yeah I'm moving south

Where the head unloads

You've got a reason some funky little demons

Telling me that life is a gas

You're a deconstruction a euphemism nothing

Motown gives it a blast

So I'm moving south

To the great unknown

Yeah I'm going south

Where the head unloads

Called my brother, he said, "I need a lawyer"

And my life is sinking at best

Called my brother, he said, "I've just become

A moaner who lives in the past"

You've got a vision some funky little sms  
Telling me that life is a gas  
Your misconception is a pitiful expression  
It's something, I'll never possess  
So I'm moving south  
To the great unknown  
Yeah I'm moving south  
Where the head unloads  
Peace and love, a phoney kind of blubber  
My instincts tell me to crash  
You've got salt emissions and you know how to use  
them  
I somehow think this won't last  
So I'm moving south  
To the great unknown  
Yeah I'm moving south  
Where the head unloads

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